

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Vol. I.

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By J. VAN COTT, Haddonfield, N. J.

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A FOREST HERO.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

General Anthony Wayne—"Mad Anthony," as he was often termed by the whites, and "The Wind" by the Indians—both appellations being bestowed because of his war-waging boldness, not to say rashness—was probably one of the most successful commanders that ever led the half-disciplined troops of the border against their forest enemies. In August, 1791, he fought the battle of the Fallen Timbers; and in the following year he concluded his celebrated treaty of peace with the combined Indian Nations at Fort Greenville. He was a disciplinarian, and drilled his troops to run while loading, and to erect protective breast works at a few minutes' notice. Moreover, he constantly kept out scouts or spies, and took care to repose his confidence only in men worthy of the trust, by which means he gathered around him a select body of the most skillful and daring spirits, who felt a justifiable pride in finding themselves honored by his confidence.

Among the most resolute of these was a stout, well-built, wiry man, by the name of Josiah Hunt; and a brave fellow, a better hunter, a keener marksman, and a more skillful woodman altogether, the frontiers never produced. While Wayne and his army lay at Fort Greenville, during the winter of 1793-4, prior to the battle of the Fallen Timbers, Hunt was selected to act in the double capacity of hunter and scout, and the manner in which he discharged his perilsome duty made him famous even among the border men.

At this period Fort Greenville was an isolated post in the very heart of the wilderness, in a bitter winter, and environed by hostile Indians, who kept a constant watch upon it, to note every movement of the whites, and eat off any small party that might venture to leave it; and to escape the vigilance of these dangerous spies, Josiah Hunt always chose to go forth and return under cover of night—his maxim being that, once abroad in the forest, he had just as good a chance of seeing his skulking enemy as the latter had of discerning him.

On leaving the fort he would strike off boldly into the forest, in the direction of his next day's intended hunt; and when satisfied he was safely beyond the circle of the outlying Indian sentries, he would dig a hole in the frozen ground to the depth and diameter of a foot, and setting fire, by means of flint and steel, to some tinder in the bottom of this excavation, he would next cover it over with some dry white-oak bark, previously gathered from a dead tree, and put on the outside a sufficient layer of earth to keep it smoldering all night, without ever coming to a flame, and thus showing what might prove a destructive light. Then squatting himself down, coiling his legs around this pit, and closely enveloping the upper portion of his person in a blanket, he would pass the long freezing night in a sitting posture, sleeping what are called "cat-naps," with his trusty rifle ready to his grasp, and prepared to wake and put himself on guard at even the snapping of a twig.

After thus sitting and sleeping through the night, he would start at daylight on his hunt for game. On getting sight of a deer, he would put a bullet between his teeth ready for reloading his rifle as soon as discharged—nor would he move till this had been done. Then hallooing cautiously about him, he would approach the faller of a wary, drag it to a tree, and with his back against the tree, so that he could only be attacked in

front, he would begin to skin the animal, stopping now and then to take a cautious survey of the scene. He would then, if not too far from the fort, cut off the four quarters of the animal, and so arrange them in the skin as to be able to swing the whole on his back like a sack; and in this manner he would cautiously pick his way to the garrison, timing himself so as to enter soon after dusk, especially if many Indians were scouting in the vicinity. If the deer chanced to be killed far from the fort, he would bring in only the two fore-quarters.

It happened one day that, while skinning a deer in the manner related, three Indians, who had observed his movements, approached him from behind, single file, keeping the tree in an exact line between him and them. But though they moved in the most noiseless and stealthy manner, Hunt suddenly sensed his work, silently grasped his rifle, and quietly rising to his feet, mashed up his head and neck like a startled turkey. He stood thus for a moment, motionless as a statue, listening with suspended breath, and sweeping the whole scene before him with his keen black eye. Then quietly turning on his heel, so as to face the tree, he cautiously stepped back a few paces, placed a bullet between his teeth, brought his powder horn forward convenient to his hand, and raised his rifle to aim. The next instant he took one step aside, and beheld the three Indians advancing in a line, the nearest one not more than twenty yards distant. The latter had just time to perceive his white fog, and utter a short yell of surprise and alarm, when the deadly rifle of the intrepid woodsman flashed, and the fatal ball passed directly through him and lodged in the breast of the one next behind, bringing both to the ground together. The first was killed, or nearly so—the second so badly wounded as to bawl and yell with pain—while the third stopped for a moment, seemingly bewildered with surprise and terror, and then darted away to the nearest tree. The instant the unwounded Indian started to run, Hunt bounded forward with a yell, regardless of the risk, seized the gun-barrel of the first Indian, pressed its content into the second, killing him, and then caught up the other loaded piece and ran back to his tree, which he reached without drawing the fire of the only antagonist he now had to fear.

Hunt had now in his possession a loaded socket and his own unloaded rifle; and keeping a wary lookout for his foe, he proceeded with all haste to load the piece on which he knew he could depend; and then, as the Indian did not make his appearance, he began to act on the aggressive. Carefully he peeped around his tree, first on one side and then on the other, but without getting even a glimpse of his enemy. Then waiting a minute or two, he repeated the same maneuver, but still with the same result. Thinking in all probability the Indian had fled in dismay, but not daring to risk too much, he remained in his position some five minutes longer, and then ventured to look again. But still no Indian was to be seen.

"Well," mused the hunter, "if you've had the sense to make tracks, you painted imp, you've done the best thing there was for you." Still, guided by prudence, Hunt waited and waited a full half-hour longer, without getting a glimpse of his foe, or discovering a single sign of his being near in the vicinity; and then he quietly returned to the animal he had slain, and finished his task of cutting it up, and feeding it in the skin in the manner related. This accomplished, he was ready to set out for the fort; but he was too old a hunter and scout to think of leaving without the scalps of his foes—the taking of which would not only disgrace his enemies, but be a signal proof of his own prowess. So laying the dead at ready packed for the journey, he returned to the dead Indians, and took not only their scalps, but every thing from their bodies that he considered of any value; and having thus avenged his plunder, he set out on his return.

It might have been a couple of hours after this, that he was passing through a little hollow, where the densest of the foliage rendered it quite dim and

gloomy, he saw an Indian spring across his path some distance ahead, and conceal himself behind a tree, as if to await his approach. Supposing by this discovery, that he had gained a signal advantage over his foe, Hunt kept upon his course as though nothing had happened, till he came along side a thicket, when, stopping and yawning, as if fatigued, he carelessly slipped the load from his shoulder, and entered the copse with the air of a man totally insuspicious of danger. But the instant the bushes concealed him from his enemy, he began to act with decision and vigor. Throwing his rifle forward, so that he could use it at a moment's warning, he began to creep along to a position for a shot at his foe. He had scarcely advanced twenty steps, however, keeping his eyes elevated sans to get a glimpse of his antagonist, when he suddenly found himself grasped by two athletic savages, who instantly overpowered him and wrenched from him his rifle. Then a few short, shrill, triumphant whoops, which were immediately answered all around him, told him too late that he had fallen into an ambush prepared for him.

Hunt was soon surrounded by his savage enemies, a dozen in number, who were in high spirits at his capture, and partly with a few English words, and the rest by signs, they made him understand it was their intention to take him home to their village, and burn him for their amusement. Knowing resistance would be in vain, he made none, but quietly submitted to his fate, but hoping to find some opportunity to make his escape. The Indians, treating him rather roughly, took him about ten miles that day, and then, binding him hand and foot, and further securing him, by means of thongs, to two of the most athletic of their party, they went to sleep around a roaring fire. Hunt did not sleep, but lay perfectly quiet, well knowing there was not the slightest chance for him to get away. It was a long, painful night to him, but he bore his sufferings like a martyr, without a murmur.

The next day the Indians divided before noon, leaving only three with their prisoner. These continued on with him toward their village, which was still distant some two or three days' journey. That night, after giving him a reasonable quantity of food, the first which they had offered him, they bound him all on the night以前, and fell asleep before a huge fire. Hunt, eagerly watching all his chances, soon observed that the Indians slept soundly; and then, making an effort to move his arms, he discovered, to his great surprise and joy, that the ligature around his right wrist was scarcely tied as to render it possible for him to work his hand through it. This, after an hour's patient trial, he succeeded in doing; and then, afraids wild with hope and fear, he crept over to the nearest Indian, and managed to draw his knife from its sheath without disturbing his slumbers. He now felt as if his liberty were regained, and had much difficulty in compelling his eagerness to that prudence which could avert instant death. Carefully and silently, however, one by one, he cut the thongs that bound him, and then crept noiselessly from between his guards. His rifle chance to be placed so that he was able to seize it, together with his broadsword and bullet-pouch; and that armed, he descended with himself whether to attempt to slay the lives of his captors or not. But as there might be other Indians in the vicinity, he feared he would be risking too much, and concluded to steal quietly away, which he did, putting many a long mile between himself and his captors before sunrise of the following day.

Two days after his escape, Hunt returned to the spot with his usual amount of documents slung across his shoulders. In answer to many eager inquiries concerning his long absence, he related his remarkable adventure; but as the Indian had recovered the scalps of those he had killed, leaving him no tangible proof of his prowess, there were some who ventured to doubt the truth of his story, for which reason he would never afterward allude to the subject. Those who knew him best, however, were satisfied that his story was true and not exaggerated.

Hunt was in the battle of the Fallen Timber, and did good service; and at the treaty of Greenville, in 1793, was much impressed after by the Indians, "what" says a writer, "seemed to consider him as the most valiant man in Wayne's force; and assured him that some of their bravest and most remaining warriors had set out expressly to kill him, but because of his surpassing valiancy had never been able to succeed in their design."

He subsequently became a member of a Church and it is presumed that his last years were a penitent life had been a victim.

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman recently arranged to give a lecture in Gloucester City—subject "Search the Scriptures." Notices were distributed, the hall was lighted up, the lecturer came, and found some half a dozen people in the house. He didn't give the lecture. The next evening the "Temperance" Association gave a ball in the same room, and it was crowded.

Gloucester City is not alone in such experiences. We remember once upon a time a gentleman came to our beloved, beautiful and intellectual town of Haddonfield, for the purpose of lecturing on Agriculture and kindred subjects. He was greeted with an audience of about twenty persons. On another occasion a company of musicians was announced to sing a number of comic and sentimental songs, interspersed with comic recitations, &c., and the hall was crowded.

The popular taste seems to be for something that has "fun" in it. But does this indicate a healthy condition in the popular taste? Fun, hilarity and joyousness, and innocent amusements, are all, doubtless, proper and right to a suitable extent and under suitable circumstances, but the more solid and serious matters of life should not be neglected.

I KNEW SHE WOULD.

Deacon W.—was a staid and honest Baptist Deacon in one of the interior towns of the State, who had a vein of dry, rustic humor in his composition. The deacon had a boy of some dozen summers, who was somewhat inclined to be a little ugly when not under the parental eye. In school, especially, John was a source of constant annoyance to the teacher. One day the mistress punished him for some misdemeanor, and John went home crying, to enter his complaint, and told his father that mistress had whipped him.

"What!" exclaimed the deacon, elevating his eyebrows, "been whipped?"

"Y-e-s," sobbed the boy.

"And did you let a woman whip you?" shouted the old deacon.

"Y-e-s, I couldn't help it."

"Well, John, you little rascal, you go to school to-morrow, and if Miss — undertakes to whip you again, you just pitch in; don't let a woman whip ye if ye can help it. Don't take any stick to strike with, but ye may strike, scratch, bite and kick as much as ye're a mind to."

The next day the boy went to school, and embodied in the permission given by his father, was soon brought before the tribunal of violated rules. The teacher undertook to correct him, and he did as his father had told him. The result was that John got a most unmerciful trouncing, and was thoroughly subdued. When he went home he went to his father crying.

"Well, dad, I got an awful bad kickin' to-day."

"What?" said the old deacon, "have you let that woman whip ye again?"

"Y-e-s," whimpered John. "I kicked her, and struck her, and fit all I could, but she fanned me softly."

"Aha!" chuckled the humorous old deacon, "you small little fool, I KNEW SHE WOULD, and she'll give ye a trouncing every time she undertakes it, and I advise you to behave yourself in future."

John began to have some perception of his father's motive, and ever after was a sadder and a wiser boy.—*Brookside Pioneer.*

If all parents would sympathize and co-operate with the teachers of their children as did this deacon, there would probably be less complaining of bad scholars and worried teachers. The deacon had sense enough to see that his boy needed some pretty severe discipline to curb his waywardness, and he put him in a way to receive it, and instead of abusing the teacher, he commended her. It is true, there may in some cases, be placed over scholars very young or inexperienced persons, leaving neither the judgment nor temper for such a responsible position. But they are out of place, and should not be retained.

Two boys, aged respectively 8 and 9 years, residing in Burlington, were recently playing with a shot gun when it went off, lodging the contents in the stomach of one of them, from which he soon died. Another case is related in a Detroit (Mich.) paper of a boy playing with a gun, when it went off; but in this case fortunately nobody was hurt. A gun is a very singular if not a very objectionable plaything for children.

Aunt Susan says: "Suppose all the men were in one country, all the women in another, with a big river between, and no boats or bridges—good gracious! what lots of poor women would be drowned!"

BEHAVIOR IN SCHOOL.—We sometimes hear of boys (girls don't do so) behaving badly in school, playing tricks upon the teacher, etc. Now we are of the opinion that any lad or grown up boy who behaves rudely to his teacher, especially if a lady teacher, must have something bad in his "muke up," which had better be attended to before it is too late. There is a want of gallantry in him, and he lacks the requisites going to form a gentleman. His conduct is also cowardly, for he takes advantage of his lady teacher that he wouldn't dare to do with a decisive man.

We never see a boy, big or little, who fails to treat his mother, sisters, his lady teacher, or other girls or suitable lady acquaintances, with proper respect and consideration, but we feel satisfied that he is in need of very great improvement. Where a boy becomes unmanageable, and insolent to his lady teacher, he doesn't deserve to receive any further attention from her, or to have the benefit of her patient teaching. We trust there are none such in Haddonfield.

The fare on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad between Camden and Haddonfield has been put up to 25 cents instead of 20, as heretofore, but with the privilege of crossing the river. Having two systems was somewhat perplexing to those not familiar with them, that is, on the through trains 25 cents was the price of a ticket between Philadelphia and Haddonfield, whilst on the accommodation trains 20 cents was the charge for the ticket and 5 cents for crossing the river—the tickets for the regular trains being bought on one side of the river and for the others on the other side, by passengers leaving the city. And so it happened that when strangers obtained tickets at Haddonfield on the through trains, including the free passage over the river, and then at another time took tickets on the other trains, though at a less price, they couldn't understand why ferrage was demanded of them at the river, imagined they were imposed upon, and, entering into an argument, raised trouble to the collector and delay the passengers. The new arrangement does away with this difficulty.

But remember to get your ticket on the city side, for we know of one case where a person not aware of the new arrangement, paid the ferrage as usual, and then was compelled to pay the 25 cents on this side, making the fare 35 cents. This is hardly fair, and as it may take some time before the change can become known to many who use the road occasionally, they may be caught in the same way. Where persons do make this mistake, and pay 5 cents ferrage, might it not be abated in the price of the ticket?

RUNNING IN GROOVES.—We once heard a clergyman in his sermon object to persons running in grooves. We can't help but think it might depend upon where the groove was leading them. If a man has got into the right groove, hadn't he better stick to it? Suppose the engine moving along steadily, and doing its work faithfully, with a long train of cars full of passengers, should take a notion to ignore the accustomed groove, wouldn't the result be likely to be disastrous? Or if the sun or moon, or even the globe we dwell upon, depart from their accustomed grooves, the consequences might be disagreeable at all events. But if the individual has unfortunately alighted in a groove that is bringing wretchedness and destruction upon him, the sooner he leaves it the better.

We see a little story going the rounds of the papers of a young editor or reporter giving up a comfortable seat at a place of amusement to an old man, an invalid, who was shivering in the doorway, for which he was so grateful, that, not long after, on his dying bed, he added a codicil to his will, leaving the young man a legacy of \$20,000. So much for politeness to the aged.

A dividend of 7 per cent, on the preferred and 3½ on the common stock of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad was declared on the 17th ult., and payable on and after the 1st of this month.

Our natural modesty is somewhat tested in inserting what some of the papers say of the "Basket," but it may be well enough for a man sometimes to blow his own horn.

"Haddonfield now boasts of a local newspaper—the *Haddonfield Basket*. It is neatly printed, temperate in tone, modest in pretensions, and deserves success."—*Evening Star.*

"The *Haddonfield Basket* is the title of a neat little sheet published at that place by J. Van Court. As a specimen of the number we have before us is a *Basket* full of enterprise, for which we solicit a generous support and kind appreciation, 'not despising the day of small things.'—*West Jersey Press.*

"*Haddonfield Basket.*—We are in receipt of this new candidate for public favor. We wish the publisher much success in his new enterprise, and hope he may always have his *Basket* full and overflowing."—*Age, San Francisco, Cal.*

"Haddonfield is honored with a neat, crisp little newspaper—the *Haddonfield Basket*. It is small in size, but its contents are excellent. Its continuance, it says, will depend upon the subscription list. Breathe on it, then, people of Haddonfield, and give it the needed breath of life, for, judging from the number before us, it deserves it."

We regret that we are unable to give the proper credit to the last notice—having cut it out of some paper, and failed to remember what one. Nevertheless, it has our thanks and good wishes all the same with the rest of them for their kindly words.

Business is said to have its Ups and Downs, like a great many individuals, and after about ten years of prosperity there comes a "smash up," or some other difficulty, and then it takes about ten years to clear away the debris, and get ready for another start. Here is a chart from 1806 to 1886—80 years:

	1816.	1836.	1856.	1876.
Up	Up	Up	Down	Up
Down	Up	Down	Up	Down
Up	Down	Up	Down	Up

1806. 1826. 1846. 1866. 1886.

Billings says, people of good sense are those whose opinions are the same as ours.

Thackeray, the novelist, was born in Calcutta, but in his seventh year was brought to England. The ship touched at St. Helena on the passage, and he was taken to Longwood, where he saw the great Napoleon. "I came from India as a child," he wrote, years afterward, "and our ship touched at that island on our way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills, until we reached a garden, where we saw a man walking. 'That is he,' cried the black man; 'that is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on!'"

USEFUL DEPARTMENT.

To DESTROY ANTS.—1st. Melt resin in an iron vessel; add lard oil until the consistency is that of molasses; spread it on stiff paper, and lay it about their haunts. It will draw and hold them. 2d. Stir a grain of arsenic in a tablespoonful of molasses, and put it in a saucer near their nests. 3d. Lay fresh bits of beef where they congregate most. They will attack the meat greedily, and may be brushed off into the fire. 4th. Saturate a sponge with sweetened water, and when filled with ants plunge it into scalding water. Continue until the insects disappear.

At a meeting of the Fulton Farmers' Club, Pa., the question was asked, "How much salt should be put in a pound of butter?" One answered half an ounce; another gave the recipe of Shurples, the noted dairyman of Chester county, which is one ounce of salt to three pounds of butter.

An agricultural journal maintains that alum water is quite as destructive to insects as Paris green, and, unlike the latter, is not at all dangerous to leave about the house.

SUPPLEMENT.

Haddonfield, October 29, 1874.

So large a space has been taken up in the number of articles relating the Centennial Tea Party and advertisements, that some of the matter we had prepared was crowded out of its proper place; and we therefore fill into the fashion of the more pretentious papers by issuing a supplement.

For the above reasons, also, the paper is not issued as early in the month as it was intended to be.

Haddonfield is behind the age in its dark streets at night. There ought to be a movement of some kind to put the matter of lighting the streets on a permanent basis. This done, and the sidewalks regulated so that there should be no uneven places, endangering the breaking of limbs or necks, or dislocating one's back, there would be much more satisfaction in passing from place to place, whether in going to church, places of amusement, or business, or visiting friends.

ELECTION.—The coming election will take place in this State on the 3rd of November. Poll open in Haddonfield from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. We give a list of the candidates of each party.

Republican.—For Governor, George A. Halsey, of Essex. For Congress, Clement H. Smithwick, of Salem. For Sheriff, Jacob C. Daubendom. For the Legislature, 3d district, Richard Herring. For Coroners, Passover Roberts, Wm. Thompson, Duncan W. Blake.

Democratic.—For Governor, Joseph D. Bell. For Congress, Chalkley Aberson. For Sheriff, Josiah S. Hackett. For the Legislature, Samuel Lippincott. For Coroners, William H. Jettys, John E. Smith, David Adams.

For the office of Sheriff, Mr. Joseph Thackara, of Berlin, is also a candidate, as we understand, running as a sort of independent or people's candidate. He is now in charge of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Depot, at Haddonfield.

All we have to say is, we hope all that may be elected, will be good, honest, upright, temperance men, no matter what party they belong to.

Written for the Haddonfield Basket.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, HADDONFIELD.

The first meeting of Presbytery ever held in Haddonfield, took place on the 6th and 7th inst., in the Presbyterian Church. It is composed of delegates from all the Presbyterian Churches situated on and south of the line of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, within the State of New Jersey. The churches number about 30, of which the Haddonfield Church is almost the youngest, being less than three years old. All denominations, however, opened their doors with most generous hospitality, for which the members of Presbyterian and the Presbyterian Church of Haddonfield wish to communicate, through you, their most grateful acknowledgment. From what we hear, we think the impression made by and upon Presbytery was virtually happy. Several families expressed their regrets that their guests were so few and their stay so short, one declaring he would like to keep his all winter, while the members of Presbytery expressed the most enthusiastic admiration of the hospitality they received. "How good and pleasant a thing is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

Presbytery was opened with a sermon by Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of Pittsboro, on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday evening the time was occupied by missions on the homely field who discussed interesting topics relating to their work.

The state of religion widespread, the bounds of Presbyterianism was represented as peculiarly encouraging. All the churches are supplied with pews, and all departments of the work are patiently and successfully prosecuted.

Presbytery seemed most favorably impressed with the appearance and prospects of the beautiful village—the progress made in the planting of this young church, and the progress of our people, and particularly our building.

"They departed Thursday morning leaving behind and bearing away pleasant memories of the first meeting of Presbytery in Haddonfield." E. D. N.

[We only add to the above that such was the interest manifested by the residents in this meeting, that the session room, or chapel, overflowed on the occasion of Mr. Ferguson's preaching, and the large door between it and the main building had to be removed in order to accommodate them.]

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

TEMPERANCE.—In the article on the 2d page, under the head "The Difference," the word Temperance should be Temperateness. We thought, when it was put in type, that a temperance association and a ball party was rather an odd combination; but when we gave us found it in a correspondence of the West Jersey Press, in the office of which it seems the error was made, and subsequently corrected.

Our townsmen, Mr. Wm. C. Taylor, of the firm of Taylor & Brown, photographers, had the misfortune to have a fire in the building in which their business is located in the city, a few days ago, but not originating in their department; and, although it did them some damage and put them to some inconvenience, it did not materially interfere with their business.

Choke Tomatoes.—Mr. David Rowe, of this town, lately gathered a basket of tomatoes on his farm, containing forty-two, beautifully formed and smooth, and weighing each about fourteen ounces. He had other larger and heavier ones, but rough, and not of so good a shape.

Sowing wheat is said to be hard work. We overheard a conversation in a railroad car on the subject, in which it was stated that one of our neighborhood farmers, Mr. S., had sowed forty bushels in one day. It was considered a very heavy day's work, and it was stated that the sower acknowledged that he was not good for much the next day. One of the gentlemen said he would rather have incurred the expense of a drilling machine and drilled the wheat in than to perform such a day's severe labor.

We are gratified in being able to present to the readers of the Basket the following composition by one of the pupils in Miss Sallie Hilburn's Haddon Institute,

POETRY.—BY S. C. G.

Poetry is imaginary composition in metrical or rhythmic language; it is divided into rhyme and blank verse. Rhyme is the correspondence of sound in the last syllable of two or more lines; rhyme is not always poetry—another does poetry always rhyme, as we may see from Longfellow's "Mimnehada."

There are two things necessary to poetry, which we call sense and jingle. We recently came across the following good specimen of poor poetry:

The elephant leaped through the garden wall,
And a date-tree clung to him with pain,
A full ripe peach, like a painted ball,
Was dashed by the morning rain.

Many are naturally fond of poetry, while others have to labor diligently to acquire a taste for it. To be enjoyed, poetry must be properly read; to accomplish this, its meaning must be understood; every word and every line should be analyzed, and by this method an approach to the spirit of the writer can be attained—that enabling one, in reading, to adapt sound to sense. Gray's "Elegy" affords an excellent subject for study. We have some very ancient poetry, written many countries ago, which forms a subject of general reading. Its author was a famous king, named David, and his book we call the "Psalm."

Alfred Tennyson is the greatest living English poet; his "Charge of the Light Brigade," "Dora," and "Lady Clare," are great favorites, and our imagination carries us to some rock-bound coast as we repeat his enchanting "Break, Break, Break." "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" by Knox, was the favorite poem of President Lincoln. "An Order for a Picture" and "Picture of Memory," by Alice Cary, are also much studied.

ACCIDENT.—A young son of Rev. Mr. Stiles, of this town fell from a persimmon tree on Saturday, and, at first, was thought to be seriously hurt internally, but is now, we understand, getting well over it.

DIED.

On the 16th inst., J. Charles Kay, son of Joseph P. and Hannah Ann Kay, and grandson of the elder Joseph Kay, in the 26th year of his age—all of Haddonfield. Funeral on Wednesday, Oct. 21st, at 2 o'clock.

[This notice is out of its proper place owing to not receiving it until after the page containing the other notices was printed. We are informed it was that wide-spread scourge of the human race, consumption, which was the cause of this young man's death. We deeply sympathize with the family and connections in their bereavement.]

The "New Orleans Jubilee Singers," at the M. E. Church, acquitted themselves well, and their singing was excellent so long as they adhered to their characteristic songs and simple melodies; but when they attempted the fashionable style of singing they make a mi-joke. People don't go to hear that kind of singing from them. The screaming and whispering style of singing we have no fancy for, and about as little hear an old saw on a pine board. "Steal away," however, was rendered very beautifully, and we are inclined to think was the gem of the evening. Some of their pieces, such as "Gatoway, Mow;" and "John Brown," especially the latter, if sung with more spirit and a relaxed time, would sound better.

On the other side of this leaf we give the programme of our Centennial Tea Party. We suspect this will be one of the most remarkably incident that ever has taken place in this town. Judging from the programme, the music will be worth all the money paid for the ticket of admission.

The Anniversary of the Sabbath Schools belonging to the Baptist Church in Haddonfield, will take place on the afternoon of November 1st—at which there will be pleasant and interesting exercises—singing, speaking, &c.

The Episcopal (Grace) Church, since its renovation, looks very neat, clean and sweet. The papering and painting show much good taste and judgment.

The Knights of Pythias are making arrangements to have a lecture delivered before them soon, but the time is not, we believe, as yet fixed upon.

Mr. J. W. Moore, president of the Bank of the Northern Liberties, for many years, died on the 20th ult.

The annual meeting of the Directors of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad will take place in Camden on Thursday, Oct. 22d, between the hours of 11 and 1.

A rail road is in contemplation between Camden and Medford, by way of Ellisburg and Marlton. A portion of the track has been graded, and is intended to be completed within two years, to connect with the ferry at Knighton's Point.

The subject of reducing the ferrage rates between Camden and Philadelphia is being discussed by some of the Camden people.

CRAMMING.—One of the wisest men of old warned his son against overstudy by reminding him of that law of physics by which only a given quantity of matter can be put into a given space. So he said only a given quantity of knowledge can be crammed into the head at one time—any more would crack the skull.

A Kansas justice of the peace, in addressing a couple he had just married, said "Happiness in this world consists of a man and wife loving each other and playing checkers?"

STRANGER ON A HAIR.—An Essex (Mass.) man made a toy boat, about five inches long and an inch and a half wide, with all the rigging, and having attached to it a small American flag, suspended it with a hair from his own head by a nail in the ceiling of his shop, twenty years ago, and there it has hung all this time, in spite of the jar of the shop.

J. O. Cunningham, a resident of Haddonfield, but doing business in Camden, has his store crowded with all sorts of ascetic articles, day-houses, keepers, from a pair of pins or a bell of twenty up to a bedding tub, &c. It is worth while for any person to call and see them. He or she will be likely to see something they want. Mr. C. and his attendant are amiable and obliging, and take pleasure in giving any desirable information. He also underlines the importance of keeping his name and business "before the people," by freely advertising "right along," and selling at city prices.

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Vol. I.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 5.

LADIES' CENTENNIAL TEA PARTY, HADDONFIELD, N. J., OCTOBER 22nd and 23rd, 1874.

MANAGERS.

MRS. JOHN H. LIPPINCOTT,

" JOSHUA P. BROWNING,

For the County, " EDWARD R. SHUBRICK, Camden.

" State at large, " WM. L. DAYTON, of Trenton.

The Tables will be arranged and designated by the HISTORIC EVENTS of the State, under the management of the following named Ladies, in costume:

'TRENTON,'

MRS. JOHN H. LIPPINCOTT,
" ISAAC W. NICHOLSON.

'PRINCETON,'

MRS. JOHN CLEMENT,
" WM. C. SHINN.

'MONTGOMERY,

MRS. WM. HENRY SNOWDON,
" JOHN LUCAS.

'RED BANK,'

MRS. JOSEPHINE WOOD,
" JOHN S. DOUGHTY.

'HANCOCK'S BRIDGE,'

MRS. ISAAC A. BRADDOCK,
" FRANK BAKER.

'FORT LEWIS,'

MRS. MARSHALL HENSZEL,
" NORMAN TEVIS.

'Washington's Head Quarters, Morristown,'

MISS ELIZABETH COLLINS,
MRS. JOHN A. J. SHEETS.

'ORIENTAL,'

MISS KITTY KAY,
" CLARA HILLMAN.

PROGRAMME.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, BY REV. MR. NEWBERRY.

Musical Director, Carl Sentz:

Songs and Chorus by members of the Handel and Hadyn Society.

Part 1st.

- No. 1. CHORUS—"Strike the Cymbal."
2. CORNET SOLO—"Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer." *Northcott.*
3. SOLO—"Under the Daisies," (Soprano.) *Millard.*
4. PIANO SOLO—"The Battle-Cry of Freedom," *Gottschalk.*
By Miss Josie Marie.
5. DUETT—"Moonlight on the Rhine," (Sop. & Ten.) *Newland.*
6. SOLO—"The Holy Friar," *Mr. R. T. White.*
7. CHORUS—"Night shades no longer."

Part 2nd.

- No. 1. SOLO and CHORUS—"Oft in the Stilly Night."
2. SOLO—"How dear to me," (Bass.) *Mr.*
3. SOLO—"Bonnie Bessie," (Soprano.) *Gilbert.*
4. CORNET SOLO—"Last Rose of Summer," *By W. Northcott.*
5. DUETT—"Go where the mists are sleeping," (Sop. & Alto.) *Daniels.*
6. CHORUS, (A)—"Auld Lang Syne,"
7. " (B)—"The Star Spangled Banner."

TRAINS leave Vine street Wharf, at Philadelphia, at 4.45, 6 and 7, p.m. Returning, leave Haddonfield at 10.30.

The Piano used on this occasion is kindly loaned by the celebrated Schomacker Piano Co., 1103 Chestnut st., Philada.

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Published Monthly by J. Van Cott, at 50 cents a year,
in advance.

Haddonfield, October 17, 1874.

Rates of Advertising.

Three Lines	8 Lines.	1 Square.	One Column.
1 time, \$ 25	\$ 50	\$1 00	5 00
2 times, " 40	" 75	1 75	8 00
3 " " 60	" 100	2 25	11 00
6 " " 110	" 200	4 00	20 00
9 " " 155	" 300	6 00	28 00
12 " " 200	" 400	8 00	35 00

Other sizes in the same proportion, or by special agreement.

The "BASKET" will be issued about the middle of each month until the time arrives which may call for its more frequent appearance.

Single copies of the BASKET hereafter will be 5 cents instead of 3. When 3 cents were fixed upon, it was in contemplation to publish it weekly. But having since decided upon a monthly, at 50 cents a year, 3 cents per single copy would not pay the subscription price.

THE LADIES' CENTENNIAL TEA PARTY.—The Ladies of the village and vicinity of Haddonfield present a well-devised plan of arrangements, and a very attractive musical programme, for the occasion of their Tea Party for the evenings of the 22d and 23d inst. The Pastor and Trustees of the first Presbyterian Church have kindly rendered the use of their beautiful and spacious edifice for the purpose. It is centrally located, not sufficiently advanced for Church service, and as the principles of the Declaration of Independence are in accord with the sentiment of Christianity, the contribution of its use for a purpose so patriotic, will not only be acceptable, but most appropriate. Nothing has ever been presented to the people of the village that they have taken hold of with so much spirit and unanimity—by the young, the old, and middle aged, each imbued with a sense of patriotic duty. Relics and souvenirs of 1776 are being brought down from the garrets beneath the old hip-roofs along the Main street, through which the Hessians so precipitately passed after their signed and disastrous defeat at Red Bank. The Ladies of Haddonfield challenge the Ladies of the villages throughout the State to beat or equal them in placing the State in its proper place in 1876—at the front in doing honor to the memories of the past. The Tea Party should and will be a great success.

We publish the letter of acceptance of Carl Sentz to be present on Thursday evening next, and to be accompanied by members of the Handel and Haydn Society and the celebrated Cornet Soloist, Wm. Northcott. Mr. Sentz has introduced in the village some of the most accomplished musicians that has ever visited the U. S.—Mr. Arndt, the Violincellist; Mr. Lefever, the Saxophonist, now the chief attraction in Gilmore's celebrated New York Band, and on this occasion Mr. Northcott, the popular Cornet Soloist. Mr. Sentz is appreciated here as an accomplished musical director and a courteous gentleman, who all esteem highly.

Philadelphia, Oct. 11, 1874.

Mrs Jennie Peyton, Haddonfield, N. J.

In reply to your note of the 9th instant, I am happy to state that the members of "The Handel and Haydn Society," to whom I have made known your request for their assistance at your Centennial Tea Party, respond cheerfully at my solicitation, and will be present to aid you on the evening of the 22d instant, as you desire. I have the honor to be your ob't servant,

CARL SENTZ.

BERLIN.—On Thursday evening, Oct. 22nd, the M. E. Church at that place will give one of their characteristic Oyster Suppers, followed by music and speeches. Some of the prominent persons in getting up and managing the affair, will be dressed in ancient costumes of different nationalities, in which, no doubt, our friend H. will "flourish like a green bay tree." The proceeds are for the benefit of the church—from which, we understand, their incomes—what have been received, as it were, by pensioners to the abandoned neighborhood, and anything more in proportion to the size of the church situated. Pay it forward at the same time of the Ladies' Centennial Tea Party of our town.

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

TUEVING.—One night, about a couple of weeks ago, some of those light-fingered gentry who seem to think that other people must work that they may steal, paid a visit to the premises of Mr. J. S. Perkins, living on Mansion Avenue (Snowhill road) and helped themselves freely to his salad, tomatoes, a number of chickens and a small cider mill! Their tracks seemed to indicate two grown persons and a boy or girl. They were provided with a vehicle of some kind, and must have got a pretty good load. They also took a tool chest with a lot of tools.

Mr. David Rowe has likewise had a considerable amount of produce stolen from his farm.

As usual with a good many people, the colored folks of Snow Hill get the credit of these depredations; but it is strongly suspected by others that they come from a different direction—perhaps a worthless set of thieving tramps. Let there be a sharp look-out for them.

A CRASH.—We happened to be on one of the Vine street ferry boats on Friday morning, 22d ult., when she came in collision with the Atlantic, of the same ferry, crashing in a considerable portion of her side. The noise was frightful, and every person sprang to their feet, with some screaming from the women. For a time there was quite an excitement, it being reported some one was seriously hurt. It turned out, however, that one person was somewhat overcome with fright. Nobody was hurt, and the boat was but little damaged. At the time of the collision, the two boats had met in the narrow passage close to the upper end of the island.

UNLUCKY HORSE.—On the afternoon of the same day a horse and wagon, with several persons in it, passed a short distance in front of the train at Market street crossing, when the horse became frightened, and was plunging and rearing, and had apparently partly demolished the wagon. A woman, who had probably jumped out, appeared to be making an effort to get some children out of the wagon, whilst the driver was trying to control the horse. The train passing on, however, we do not know what the result was, having seen no account of the affair. If people wouldn't be in such a hurry to cross roads, especially railroads, there would be fewer accidents to report.

We propose to give the marriages and deaths that take place in the town and neighborhood. Of course, some of them will have taken place sometime before we publish them, as the paper is published but once a month, but it will be a sort of record, interesting, no doubt, to many readers.

MARRIED.

On the 23d Sept., at the residence of the bride's parents in Haddonfield, by Rev. J. Stiles, Mr. Thomas M. Beideman, of Pea Shore, and Miss Josephine Baker, of Haddonfield.

DIED.

On the 19th Sept., Wm. Jones, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 21st ult., Jesse S. Leek, aged 21 years, son of Mr. Leek, the well-known auctioneer.

On the 22nd ult., Mrs. Caroline Scott, a long resident of Haddonfield—a member of the Baptist Church.

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Sept 74

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AUGUST 74

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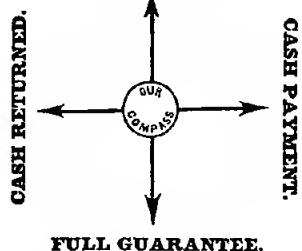
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We hereby guarantee:

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- 2d. That they shall be equal to those in the United States.
- 3d. That the prices are precisely the same to everybody for same quality, on same day of purchase.
- 4th. That the quality of goods is as represented on printed labels.

[Signed] WANAMAKER & BROWN.

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"The Lion in Love," and "The INTERRUPTED READER," two large and splendid pen-and-ink engravings. One of these is sent FREE to every subscriber.

\$2.50 a year is the price of "Arthur's ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE." In close: 3 copies for \$6; and one extra to get her up to club, \$12; 10 and one extra, \$20. **PS.** 15 cents must be added to each subscription for prepayment of postage for the year. Specimen numbers 15 cents, in currency or postage.

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